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OR
POLITE REPOSITORY

OF
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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NO. 2.

Louisa ;

A TALE OF TRUTH.

"Beneath the grass conceal'd a serpent lies."

(Continued.)

SUCH are the contrarieties in the human character, such the inconsistencies observable in men, who at the same time they are thus capable of performing deeds of generosity and real charity, will not scruple to gratify their selfish passions at the expense of a virtuous female's peace of mind, her happiness, her fame, and in all probability her eternal salvation in the life to come !

Originally the Major's fortune was limited, but the death of an uncle had rendered it independent; and he had just been settling accounts with the estates, and was returning of his regiment in the nearest to the residence, when the accident happened, and with the roof of

To describe the sensations which filled the breast of Major Blandford on beholding the interesting figure of our lovely heroine, would be a task of difficulty for which few persons are adequate, and to which we own ourselves entirely unequal; he thought her the most beautiful woman he had ever beheld, and fixing his eyes upon her countenance with that soft, yet impassioned look, which men of his description so well know when to assume, the blushes which those regards called forth augmented her beauties in a tenfold degree, and rendered her irresistibly lovely, while they completed the Major's passion; and he secretly vowed to become possessed of those charms which had intoxicated his senses at any sacrifice, almost even that of matrimony, to which he had a mortal aversion, and only could endure the thought with the view of bettering his fortune and adding to the honours of his name, by an alliance with a family of superior rank and consequence in the kingdom.

Louisa had seen but few men beside those who lived in the adjacent coun-

try, and occasionally visited the rectory, or made their appearance at church, and the few parties that were given by the card-playing tabbies of the village; and those men were in general no ways remarkable for gracefulness of manners or a fashionable exterior; on the contrary, they were principally composed of plain country squires, past the season of youth, or not yet arrived at that age when the conversation or behaviour becomes insinuating and dangerous. In Major Blandford she, however, beheld united all that she could fancy was delightful, captivating, and amiable; his conversation was well adapted to the turn of her mind, and formed a striking contrast to the homely phrases of her aunt, or the senseless jargon of the conceited spruce attorney's clerk, and dashing hunting curate who now supplied the place of Mr. Rutland at the rectory, and were the principal beaux of the village and its neighbourhood. The syren voice of flattery also sounded sweetly in her ears; its honied accents charmed her inexpressibly, while self-love, so natural to mortals, led her to give credit to the sincerity of all the Major uttered; while ignorant of the dark designs which brooded in the heart of Blandford, she yielded up her heart a willing gift to the insidious deceiver, and placed the fullest confidence in the integrity of one who, underneath the specious mask of love, had ruined the repose of many an unsuspecting, fond, and credulous female.

Though Louisa had a large share of good sense, and her education and morals had been strictly attended to, yet her disposition was somewhat

tinctured with romance; her bosom was the seat of sensibility, she was artless and ingenuous as an infant; and ignorant of the cunning ways of mankind she placed implicit confidence in the assertions of her lover, who very shortly made his passion known to her; and better versed in the movements of the human heart, easily perceived he was far from indifferent to her, while he trusted to artifice and the powerful toils of love, to bind her to himself and make her all his own. Cruel man! thus to meditate the destruction of a lovely, unsuspecting being, who had granted thee her heart, and would with pleasure have united herself to thee in the sight of Heaven and of the world, though certain that poverty and care were to have been the companions of her future days.

But not to dwell upon a relation of the artifices put in practice to deceive the innocent, and lure the hapless Louisa into ruin, suffice it to say, Major Blandford being quartered in the neighbourhood of Mrs. Raynsford's habitation, afforded him almost daily opportunities of seeing his adored Louisa, and he availed himself of her aunt's repeated invitations to her house; for she placed all his visits to the score of his increasing affection for her niece, whom she already in idea fancied she beheld the Major's lady, the sharer of his fortune, and Countess in perspective, for he was the heir apparent of an estate which circumstance had added to Raynsford's prediction. For, like most persons so tinctured with romance, beholding her

amongst persons in the exalted walks of life, was of itself sufficient to render her desirous of the match. In a word, both Mrs. Raynsford and her niece, though from different causes, were pleased and unsuspecting; while the Major, continuing his visits, almost being domesticated in the family, and pursuing his nefarious designs, at length succeeded in effecting his diabolical purpose, and triumphed in the ruin of Louisa.

As Blandford had solemnly sworn to make her his wife as soon as a near relation, then on the verge of fourscore and of an infirm constitution, should leave him at liberty to pursue the bent of inclination, and enjoy an independence he affirmed was not at that time his, the unfortunate Louisa, in a moment of fondness, resigned herself to the delusions of her own heart and the insidious wiles of a practised deceiver; and when she gently remonstrated with him on the advantage he had taken of her unsuspecting fondness, he vowed to perform whatever could conduce to her comfort; to hasten to his kinsman and endeavour, at the risk he well knew of his everlasting displeasure to obtain his consent to a marriage with the idol of his soul; she firmly confiding in her Henry's honourable intentions, permitted him to press her to his bosom, and repeat his former protestations of never ending love and constancy.

Unfortunate Louisa! she loved her betrayer, more than ever loved him; and innocent in heart, as she was lovely in person, told him of her increased partiality; while in idea being she was shortly to become his in the eyes of all the world, as she already

thought herself in that of heaven, she consented to continue the guilty intercourse until her situation rendered it necessary to acquaint her aunt with a circumstance she never for an instant had suspected, (so well had matters been arranged and carried on between the lovers,) and at the same time formed an additional motive to the Major, whose passion was upon the decline, to throw the mask aside, and leave the wretched victim of his perfidy to her fate; for marriage was now still less than ever in his thoughts; and to have united himself to a woman who had once surrendered her virtue to his artifices or persuasions, was the last thing he would have thought upon. The departure of his regiment to another station in a distant part of the kingdom, was therefore first urged as a pretence for quitting the now wretched and unhappy girl, to whom he promised to write almost daily during the painful hours of absence, which he assured her should be shortened as much as possible; and as no discovery of her situation could readily take place for some time, he requested she would postpone her intention of disclosing it to Mrs. Raynsford till after his departure, when she could take her own time to introduce and unfold the affair as gently as possible; and placing in her hands a sum of money to be applied to the purpose of purchasing the continued secrecy of the domestic who had aided their meetings in private, he took an apparently affectionate leave of the deluded victim, whom he trusted never to behold again, and whom his conscience told him he was leaving in a situation which must terminate in the destruction of her hitherto spotless re-

putation, and on whom the knowledge of his baseness would in all likelihood produce the most fatal consequences to her peace of mind, perhaps even to her life itself. Alas! she knew not that her faithless Henry had for ever left her to bewail her own credulity and easy fondness; or, that though he did not actually boast of her partiality to his companions, who had frequently remarked his visits to the village, and thrown out many hints upon the subject of Miss Rutland's fascination, he listened to their language, and laughed off their congratulation on his success in a manner that left but slight room to doubt of its being equal to his utmost wishes, and stamped at once the character of the luckless girl who harkened to his tale.

Having waited upwards of a fortnight with increasing impatience and anxiety without a single line arriving from the Major, Louisa became inexpressibly unhappy; and after the lapse of another week, which passed as the preceding, she determined to write to him, and in the tenderest, and most pathetic terms entreated he would let her hear from him, if but a line, to assure her of his welfare, and relieve her mind from its burden of incertitude and pain. But day after day passed on, and still no answer came from Blandford. Louisa was alarmed; she was miserable; and perplexed by doubts and apprehensions such as never had before assailed her. In an agony of despair she again addressed him; but her letter shared the fate of the former. Mrs. Raynsford expressed her astonishment, that he had never written to inquire after his old friend, who had been so civil to him, as she expressed herself,

but then it was like officers she had heard, to forget old acquaintance, and neglect them for new ones; but for her part, she thought Major Blandford had been quite a different kind of man, and as sincere in heart as he was handsome in person. So thought poor Louisa also; but the hour was come when she was doomed to know and to feel it was otherwise, and Mrs. Raynsford too, to learn how her generous hospitality had been cruelly imposed upon, and rewarded with the ruin of her niece. To describe the heartfelt grief, astonishment, and disappointment of the good old lady, on being made acquainted with the situation of Louisa, is utterly impossible. Surprise and sorrow, at first suspended her vital powers, and she fell from her chair apparently a lifeless corpse. Recovering a little, she was conveyed to her chamber, where she continued several days and nights in a state of mind bordering on distraction; during which time, the hapless, self condemned Louisa, watched with unceasing assiduity the couch of her unhappy relative, and awaited the awful moment when she should become a mother, which at length arrived; and even amid the sorrows and distresses of her mind and body, she experienced a delight which mothers only feel on hearing the first cries of her infant; while she clasped it fondly to her bosom, wept over it, the tears of mingled joy and sorrow, and for a short while forgot the baseness of its other parent and her own unfortunate confidence in a seducer.

(T concluded in our next.)

Cho wife as you choose a knife
Look t temper.

HUMOUROUS REMARKS
ON THE ANTIQUITY OF THE ENGLISH
LANGUAGE.

Concluded from our last,

CAIN, after he had perpetrated the diabolical act, for which he was changed, according to some, into a negro, went and dwelt in the land of Nod. Here he had a son born, at the sight of whom all his relations exclaimed, "*Enough!* one murderer at a time is enough!" whence the boy derived his name, now vitiated into ENOCH.

I cannot afford to produce any more examples till the age in which the deluge overwhelmed the earth. This event was prophesied by NOAH. His wicked and unbelieving neighbours made fun of his predictions, and called him the *knower*—as we call a prophet a *seer*, or *see-er*. The true pronunciation of this word is still retained.

Some, as has been already remarked, have said that the *mark*, set upon Cain, to distinguish him from the rest of mankind was the changing the colour of his skin. It is not now a proper time to enter into a discussion of the merits of this hypothesis. It certainly however, has strong evidence in its favor. From Cain, HAM was descended in all probability, one of Noah's wives being a *coloured lady*. Every person who is in the habit of making observations, must have remarked that a negro's skin bears a striking resemblance to the colour of *ham*. So SALMON received his title from being of an orange colour as is the fish of that name. The modest SHEM, could not bear the rude conduct of his brother. This young gentleman was called *Shame*, from his natural bashfulness and timidity.

We read in after time of GETHER, a tax *gatherer*; PE-LEG, so called from the smallness of his legs; and innumerable others whom it is unnecessary to mention.

We have now descended to that memorable epoch, where human folly attempted to rear a tower whose top should reach the heavens. Here the confusion of languages stopt the progress of the undertaking, and the tower thus commenced was called BABLE (*ex nomine facti*) because they all began to *babel*, in a strange and unintelligible style to each other.

And now, the English language was only one which was spoken among innumerable others. But it still subsisted. We read of RAGAN, a person, who brought up *rags* for the *paper manufactories*; of LAMECH, or *Lame Ike*, a lame beggar, who used to go about the streets asking charity; of ANAK, a huge giant, who had a monstrous neck, whence he was called *A-neck*. The children of Israel in their travels occasionally met with English settlements. For instance MAKELOTH, a manufacturing town where they used to *make cloth*. The priests were ironically termed LEVITES or *Leave-ites*, because they *left* nothing, that they could lay their hands on. A striking proof among ten thousand others, that human nature has always displayed itself in the same way, from the earliest ages to the present time. We hear also of the EDMITES or *Eat-tem-ites*, who were cannibals, and the GAZEITES who had a remarkable trick of staring every one in the face, and strangers who visited their city in particular.

Seeing the ages that have elapsed,

since these worthies have lived only in history, it is really wonderful that their names have so well escaped from perversion and metamorphosis. As they have been handed down to us, the most refractory must admit that their similarity to English words is very remarkable : and I trust the candid and impartial will conclude that they are evidently derived therefrom. He who believes this hypothesis, not only shows his good sense, but his patriotism.

THE BRIEF REMARKER.

AIR IS INDISPENSIBLY NECESSARY TO ALL CORPOREAL LIFE.

"It is a fact, which has long been sufficiently known, that every thing that lives, whether animal or vegetable, requires, for the continuance of life, a constant supply of fresh air." There is not even a plant upon the face of the earth that can live without air ; and much less an animal. Our bodies are perpetually immersed in this fluid. In a secondary and subordinate sense, we live, and move, and have our being in it, and cannot subsist a single moment out of it. We are told by men of deep science, that a full grown person requires *forty-eight* thousand cubic inches of air in an hour, or *one million one hundred and fifty two thousand* cubic inches in the course of a day—and that no part of this can be respired or breathed again, till it mix with the common air of the atmosphere.

These extracts from the journals of experimental philosophy, I have made for the sake of deducing from them a number of corollaries calculated for general use.

1. Other things being equal, the greatest robustness or health is enjoyed by persons living, the most of their time, in the open air ; and, on the other hand those are the most frail and feeble of constitution, whose habits of life keep them in a manner secluded from the fresh air. Take, for example, a young student ; take him fresh from the labours of the field, ruddy of countenance, the picture of health : confine him, day by day, to a close closet, where he is shut out alike from the benefits of exercise and fresh air—and how soon he fades like the leaf ! Again, mark the difference, in point of robustness, between labouring farmers and these classes of mechanics whose business confines them in close rooms ; and also, the difference between the former and men of studious or sedentary habits, who seldom go into the open air. Perhaps, too, the cause why women are more feeble of constitution than men, lies considerably, if not chiefly, in this, that they live much less in the free and open air : for, when young girls and boys romp together, they are generally found to be nearly equal in point of strength and hardiness.

2. Close unventilated rooms are, more especially in warm weather, the direct avenues to the "chambers of death." If you sleep in such a room, you may indeed awake in the morning, but you awake unrefreshed, languid, and gasping for breath. If, in hot weather especially, you sleep in such a room, not alone, but in company, not on a hard stratum, but half-buried in feathers ; the morning light will not, perhaps, find you a corpse, but most certainly it will find you very like one.

Of the two extremes it were by far the safer and the better, to sleep under the canopy of the open sky and upon the bare ground, provided the air were dry. Some folks dread the air, as the subjects of hydrophobia do the water. By keeping themselves out of the air they hope to escape taking cold; and have therefore such a deep aversion to the night air, that, how sultry soever be the season, they carefully shut their doors and windows against the intrusion of this dreaded visitant—in reality, against what is the immediate source of life and breath and of every kind and degree of corporeal animation. From this valitudinarian superstition, if I may so term it, they render their lodging-rooms very like the memorable *Black Hole* at *Calcutta*—the prison where so many wretched beings perished in a single night, for want of respirable or breatheable air.

3. Burning charcoal, it is known and can never be too generally known, is, in a close room, fatal to human life; because it speedily absorbs an essential ingredient in the compound of atmospheric or respirable air. Respiration does the like thing, tho' the process is less speedy. The united respirations of a company, if the room be close, presently render the air unfit for breathing; and hence the frequent faintings in crowded assemblies.

4. The excluding fresh air from the beds of sick people, is destroying what of life remains in them. It is just about as reasonable, as to attempt the cure of an ailing fish by taking it out of the water. Many a one, thus dealt with, has died of the regimen, rather than of the disease. Fortunately, however, for human life, that ab-

surd practice, once so prevalent, is now pretty generally exploded.

5. Though I dare not hazard the affirmation, I will venture to ask the question—Is not the consumptive habit, so alarmingly prevalent amongst females of delicate breeding, in a great degree owing to their customary seclusion from the open air? At any rate, it is a fact, that women of the upper ranks of society are less in the open air and at the same time are much more weakly and consumptive, than their grandmothers before them.

6. The overmuch fondness of parents, not unfrequently, though always unwittingly, has led them to check the growth and weaken the corporeal frame of their children, by studiously keeping them away from the freshness of that element, which is every moment necessary to the vigour and the very life of all animal nature. Would they but contrast the meagerness of children thus fostered with the plumpness of those who live in mere hovels and are never out of the fresh air; it might cure them of their error, and save their darlings from an untimely grave—*Conn. Courant*.

SUPERSTITION AND CRUELTY.

The following extraordinary, and almost incredible details are translated from the French papers:

Orleans, July 18,

"The Royal Court this day entertained an accusation against five persons accused of a most atrocious crime.

"In the 19th century, in the midst of the most enlightened civilization, under the reign of the most humane religion, ignorance and superstition have just presented the frightful spectacle of a man who has been burnt

alive, on a charge of witchcraft. The following are the facts connected with this horrid proceeding :—

“ A mariner at Blois had a child afflicted with a languishing sickness. Physicians were called in to no purpose ; the aid of their art was tried in vain ; the complaint resisted all means applied for its cure.—The neighbours, infected with that prejudice which still prevails among the common people, believed that the child laboured under a spell. They pointed out to the parents a woman who was considered as very skilful in discovering those who dealt in charms, and in compelling them to restore the persons bewitched to their former health. This woman was called in. After examining the child, she declared that it had been bewitched, and that the spell was to last three years. She undertook the cure, observing at the same time, that it would be necessary to have 17 Masses, 17 Gospels, 17 Ave-Marias, and 17 wax candles. She took every thing upon herself, and demanded 35 francs. She repaired to an adjoining garden, there fastened together three blades of grass, and affirmed that she stopped the charm, and consequently the progress of the disease.

“ The woman had already received a part of the 35 francs, and received more on the 14th of July. On that day the father of the child perceived, that so far from being improved, it was growing worse. He sent for the sorceress, who promised him to discover the author of the charm.—When the woman arrived, she declared that she would not leave him till she made known the enchanter, but that her heart did not permit her to name the

person ; and that she could only describe him. “ He is (said she) a little man, a shepherd by trade, he is married, he has a child, he passes every day by your door with his sheep.”—(“ It must be Antoine, then,” exclaimed the mother of the child.) “ Go and enquire (exclaimed the sorceress,) and you shall see.” Inquiries were immediately made concerning Antoine, who appeared to agree exactly with the description given by the modern sybil. In order to remove every kind of suspicion, a person was sent to desire him to come and kill a sheep.

“ Antonie came immediately to the house, the sorceress conducted him to the bed where the child lay. “ Behold (said she) the sheep we speak of ; you must immediately relieve this child, on which you have thrown a charm for eight months past.”—Antoine declared he did not understand her, and that he never dealt in witchcraft. It was then, that in order to force him to confess, and atone for the imaginary crime, the unfortunate shepherd underwent a martyrdom from two to six o'clock in the evening ; they made a great fire of faggots, thrust his feet repeatedly into the flame, withdrawing them only to inflict blows, all the time requiring him to remove the enchantment and to inflict it upon a cat or some other animal that they brought for the purpose of receiving it. The protestations of the victim were useless, and six times he was placed in the fire, while he called upon them rather to cut his throat at once. Neither the torture of this most cruel punishment, nor the shocking cries which they excited, nor the suppliant entreaties for immediate death,

nor the constant denial of an act physically and morally impossible.—nothing could appease the assassins, who prolonged their crime for four hours. At last, at six o'clock in the evening, the Commissary of the Police arrived, and rescued the unhappy shepherd from the indefatigable barbarity of those ignorant wretches.—He, however, died of the burns, bruises and injuries he had received, four days afterwards. Five persons have been charged with being accessories to this horrible crime. The prophetess who was to disclose the enchanter, persisted, in a most confident manner, upon her infallibility, and upon the efficacy of the modes in which she was to discover the author of the spell. She pretended that it was done by masses and by prayers. The parents still continue to think, that the shepherd could have removed the enchantment, and that filial affection gave them a right to compel him to do so. Thus a crime was perpetrated in the name of the sacred religion which it has outraged, and in the name of the finest sentiment of nature, which revolt against it !”

PARALLEL BETWEEN THE LANGUAGE
OF MEN AND BEASTS.

It is imagined by some philosophers, that birds and beasts (though without the power of articulation) understand one another, by the sounds they utter ; and that dogs and cats have each a particular language to themselves, like different nations. Thus, it may be supposed, that the nightingales of Italy have as fine an air for their native wood-notes, as any Signor or Signora, for an Italian air ; that the boars of Westphalia gruntle as expressively

through the nose, as the inhabitants of high Germany ; and that the frogs in the dykes of Holland, croak as intelligibly as the natives jabber their low Dutch. However this may be, we may consider those whose tongues hardly seem to be under the influence of reason, and do not keep up the proper conversation of human creatures, as imitating the language of different animals. Thus, for instance, the affinity between chatterers and monkeys, and praters and parrots, is too obvious not to occur at once. Grunters and growlers may be justly compared to hogs ; snarlers are curs ; and the spit-fire and passionate are a sort of wild cats, that will not bear stroking ; but will pur when they are pleased. Complainers are screech owls ; and story tellers, always repeating the same dull note, are cuckoos. Poets, that prick up their ears at their own hideous braying, are no better than asses. Critics, in general, are venomous serpents, that delight in hissing ; and some of them, who have got by heart a few technical terms, without knowing their meaning, are no other than magpies,

MEDITATION ON A PUDDING, BY D.
JOHNSON.

Let us seriously reflect of what a pudding is composed. It is composed of flour that once waved in the golden grain, and drank the dews of the morning ; of milk pressed from the swelling udder, by the gentle hand of the beautiful milk-maid, whose beauty and innocence might have recommended a worse draught ; who, while she stroked the udder, indulged no ambitious thoughts of wandering in palaces ;

formed no plans for the destruction of her fellow creatures: milk which is drawn from the cow, that useful animal, that eats the grass of the field, and supplies us with that which made the greatest part of the food of mankind in the age which the poets have agreed to call golden. It is made with an egg, that miracle of nature, which the theoretical Burnet has compared to creation. An egg contains water within its beautiful smooth surface; and an unformed mass, by the incubation of the parent, becomes a regular animal, furnished with bones and sinews, and covered with feathers. Let us consider; can there be more wanting to complete the Meditation on a Pudding? If more is wanting, more may be found. It contains salt, which keeps the sea from putrefaction; salt, which is made the image of intellectual excellence, contributes to the formation of a pudding.

—LABEDOYERE.

A Paris article of August 23, says—When Labedoyere was shot, he obtained leave to be without the bandage on his eyes, and to give the word to fire. He said, "I cannot fear to die who have seen death in so many shapes: and I who have so often given the word to French soldiers to fire, may be permitted to do so this once and for the last time." He advanced with a firm step to the Veterans who were appointed to shoot him, and when within four or five paces, gave the words "*Ready! Present! Fire!*" They obeyed most steadily, and he fell dead in an instant. He was twenty-nine years of age, of elegant manners and handsome person, and married two

years ago, and has a son. He never confessed himself guilty of any wrong, but on the contrary, said he and his enemies put different constructions on the term loyalty, for that he had acted loyally and for the good of France, by attaching himself to Napoleon, being confident that he, and not the Bourbons, could save it.

From the Richmond Compiler.

Letter of Madame Labedoyere to the King.

We have translated, almost literally for fear of injuring its affecting simplicity, the following letter, respecting which the Editor of the *Abeille Americaine* observes:—

"We have every reason to doubt the authenticity of this letter of Madame Labedoyere. We give it, however, because it appears to us worthy of her, worthy of the subject, and worthy of the public eye. It is well known that this interesting lady died a victim to conjugal affection, a few days after the execution of her husband."

THE LETTER.

SIRE—The most disconsolate of women, not having been able to find mercy, at the feet of your Majesty, for her unhappy husband, allow her to implore, not your clemency, but your justice, in claiming from you the earthly remains of that lamented victim.

Placed between the grave which has opened itself for him and for me, and the throne of your Majesty, nature had left to me the choice of a culpable vengeance or an innocent death; but wishing to offer to his hallowed shade, and to your resentment, a spotless victim, I have resolved to bury myself

with him rather than drag you along with me, to the feet of the inexorable judge of Kings.

Every mother, Sire, every wife embraced with me the knees of your majesty. My supplications, my sighs, were re-echoed by them from one extremity of your Empire to the other, when the severity of an answer which will reach the latest ages, chilled with terror every tender and compassionate heart.

Now Sire—at this awful moment, when despair opens for me the gates of eternity, allow me to intreat your Majesty to remove from you both my mother and my son, the only objects of my regrets on earth. Thus you may, at the same time, spare yourself many a remorseful pang, and prevent a crime which could be justified neither in the eyes of *men*, who have forsaken us, nor in those of *God*, who alone remains to us.

I leave you, Sire, a prey to unfaithful allies, to prevaricating ministers, to dangerous prejudices. Culpable names, and the judgment of posterity respecting them, will be inscribed, at no distant day, on the tomb of your Majesty; whilst the tears of unfortunate mothers and wives will, perhaps, flow on the ashes of two victims of the terrific justice of Kings.

VARIETY.

Amongst the crowds of peasants and others who flocked to the site of the battle of Waterloo, to seek for treasure amidst the spoils left on the extensive field of action, was a young woman, who picked up some jewels loosely strung together. Delighted with her good fortune, which she communicated to none of her comrades,

she proceeded with her prize to Brussels, where she went to a lapidary, and asked him to purchase the ornaments she had found. On being asked what she demanded for the stones, she answered, "thirty-five francs." "Money is very scarce," replied the lapidary—"I will not take less," said the woman—"Well," answered he, "what you have found is a treasure, and I will give you twenty thousand francs for it," which sum he paid into her hands. This sudden influx of fortune was too much for her weak mind—she became frantic with joy a few hours after the transaction, and has remained in a state of lunacy ever since.

Two very lovely, but bashful girls had a cause of some importance depending at Westminster, that required their personal appearance. They were relations of Sir Joseph Jekyll; and on this formidable occasion, they desired his company and countenance at the court. Sir Joseph attended accordingly; and the cause being opened, the Judge demanded whether he was to entitle these ladies *spinsters*. "No my lord," said Sir Joseph, "they are lilies of the valley; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet you see, that no monarch, in all his glory, was ever arrayed like one of these."

Men are too much like restive horses, proud of their power and strength; they resist opposition and coercive treatment—but a little gentle stroking and a few coaxing manœuvres, rarely fail of producing the desired effect, both on man and beast.

MISFORTUNES.

I believe, says an elegant writer, that it is more laudable to suffer great misfortunes, than to do great things.

FIRST FLOOR.

An impoverished beau, in describing of his garret, or ærial chamber, very facetiously called it the *first floor*, down the chimney.

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO GAUNNETTA.

Ask me not why my harp is slow,
Or why its numbers cease to flow
Obedient to thy wishes kind ?
Of late a stupor clogs my brain,
And deaf to fancy's wild'ring strain,
I fling her visions to the wind.

What tho' I've watch'd, the muses stray
And oft have join'd the'r trackless way
In wand'rings wild and mazes strange ?
Enough of fancy's rambling car,
I prize it still, but dearer far,
Is reason's brighter, purer, range.

What tho' I love delusion's wiles ?
Still it were strange if cheating smiles
Could always fascinate the choice ;
Some still small voice can break the mask,
And stern realities will ask

An audience with a powerful voice ;
Then let truth reign, tho' rarely mild,
She serves to check poor folly's child,
And points me oft to wisdom's page ;
Let me attend her precepts bright,
And blame not, if I keep in sight,
Her path which leads from youth to age !
ELLA.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO ADELIZA.

OFTEN when sitting by the burning ray,
Whilst yell'd the storm in bleating horror
round ;
My spirit by sweet fancy borne away,
Would seek the true-known spot so often
found.

And after gazing mutely round the while,
Would then retrace the steps before she took ;
And as when parting she would light the
smile,
To grace the magic of the farewell look.

But ah ! that look ; how like the nightly
beam ;

That sheds its lustre o'er the wide expanse ;
Whilst the mad clouds her ling'ring eye
doth screen,
To veil her beauty and the wish enchance.

'Tis thus my Adeliza wipes the tear,
And lifts the 'kerchief to her languid cheek ;
Then gives the parting glance from beauty's
sphere,
The tell-tale mirror that words cannot speak.

Imagination's smile ! 'twas nothing less,
That drew the fairy wand around my brow ;
And with those looks did every hope caress ;
But ah ! it lights not all my visions now.

For Adeliza is too far from me,
To hear the voice of every joy I give ;
Yet on the bosom of each wave shall flee,
The fondest sighs that *Friendship* e'er can
give. ROLLA.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

LINES

On the death of Mr. W. M. W. who per-
ished at Sea on board the *Jonquille* in the
tremendous gale early in September, 1815.

AND art thou gone my much lov'd valued
friend !

Could not the tears of parent, sisters, stay
Thy parting spirit on life's verging ad ;
Or now a corps re-animate thy clay.

Hadst thou no pity for those left on earth,
But wing thy flight without one sad fare-
well ;

No wish again to seek the cheerful hearth,
Which now but echoes, to thy Funeral
Knell !

Yes, yes, kind spirit ! fain thou wouldst have
soothed

Thy parent's sorrows, and dispelled her
fears,

Thy cheering words would make the jour-
ney smooth,
That leads to heaven, from this vale of
tears.

Thou wouldst have told them, yet a little
while

And we will meet again above on high,

Thy el'quence would have turn'd aside the
toil

And taught us all how virtuous men could
die.

Farewell my friend ! thy soul is now at rest,
Although thy body sleeps beneath the
wave,

On earth thy actions proved thou wouldst
be blest,

Thy death will lead us nearer to the
grave. MERCUTIO.

AUTUMN REFLECTIONS.

*" Oh, let us tune our tender farewell to the
fading year."*

SUMMER'S sweets with Autumn's blended,
Flora's beauties soon are o'er ;
These but for a while suspended,
Youth once past returns no more.

Yonder fields late cloth'd in verdure,
Where is now your beauteous hue ?
Where with delight I've often wander'd,
Purling streams adieu ! adieu !

Where, Oh ! now ye tuneful warblers,
Tenants of the shady grove ;
Where with pleasure oft I've listen'd
To your artless tale of love.

The Whippoorwill in strain melodious,
In silent eve no more we hear ;
Nor the cooing Dove harmonious,
In plaintive note doth charm the ear.

Farewell green hill ! farewell ye vale !
Where Lambkins used to sport with glee !
Adieu ! ye zephyrs, fragrant gale !
That whisper'd thro' the trembling tree.

Rude Boreas soon with iron sceptre,
Must a while his sway maintain ;
May we find within our cottage,
Peace of mind, and virtue reign.

Learn, Oh youth ! in nature's volume,
Useful lessons for the mind ;
In ev'ry page in ev'ry column,
Rich instructions thou may'st find.

See the fairest flowers are fading,
Wither'd leaves now strew the ground ;

Winter soon our plains invading,
Comes with majesty profound.

Thus we see the changing season,
Flora yields her sweetest breath ;
Hence, vain man ! adhere to reason,
Thou, alas ! must yield to death !

Another Spring's returning verdure,
We perhaps may never view !
Then may our thoughts aspire further,
Where Summer ever blooms anew.

STANZAS

*On the Death of Mr. Hugh Mulligan, a na-
tive of Ireland, who died in Liverpool.*

By the late Mr. Rushton.

A BARD from the Mersey is gone,
Whose carols with energy flow'd ;
Whose harp had a wildness of tone,
And a sweetness but rarely bestow'd.
Then say, ye dispensers of fame,
Of wreaths that for ages will bloom,
Ah ! say, shall poor Mulligan's name
Go silently down to the tomb ?

When the lordly are call'd from their state,
The marble their virtue imparts ;
Yet the marble, ye insolent great,
Is often less cold than your hearts.
When the life of the warrior is o'er,
His deeds every tongue will rehearse ;
And now a pale bard is no more,
Ah, would you deny him a verse ?

The thrush, from the icicled bough,
Gives his song to the winterly gale,
And the violet, 'midst half-melted snow,
Diffuses its sweets through the vale :
And thus, while the minstrel I mourn
'Midst the blasts of adversity pin'd,
While he droop'd all obscure and forlorn,
He pour'd his wild sweets to the wind.

Tho' the clouds that had sadden'd his days
Were scatter'd and ting'd near their
close,

Though he saw a few comforting rays,
'Twas too late, and he sunk to repose.

** The notice of Dr. Corry, and W. Roscoe, Esq.*

So the barque that fierce winds has endur'd,
And the shocks of the pitiless wave,
Finds a harbour—yet scarcely is moor'd,
When she sinks to the dark oozy grave.

To the turf where poor Mulligan lies,
The lover of genius shall stray ;
And there, should a rank weed arise,
He shall pluck the intruder away :
But lowly, and simple, and sweet,
Ah ! should the wild violet appear,
He will sigh o'er an emblem so meet,
And will water its cup with a tear !

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1815.

Intelligence.

A Boston paper of November 1, says, "By the Calypso, arrived yesterday from Bordeaux, we have received a file of French papers, but its material contents have been anticipated. They contain numerous returns of deputies to the new legislature ; and addresses full of loyalty and affection to the Bourbons."

Accounts from Buenos Ayres to the 10th of May have been received, at Salem, which state, that the Patriot army of Buenos Ayres, commanded by Gen. Rondeau, had defeated the Lima troops under Gen. Pesuela, and was in the rich region of Potosi :—and that the Eastern side of the river Plate was under the authority of Gen. Arteges, a popular leader of the Patriots.

It appears to be now ascertained that Carthage, on the Spanish Main, has been taken by the Royalists, after a battle of three days and great slaughter. A salute in honor of the victory was fired at Porto Rico.

A French ship, with 515 slaves, and a quantity of gold dust and elephants teeth on board, bound to Guadaloupe, has been sent into Antigua, by the Barbadoes brig.

CAUTION.

I observe in the American Daily Advertiser of yesterday morning, a communication taken from the Evening Post, called a "Positive cure for the Hives," in which there is a gross and dangerous error committed in the quantity of Tartar Emetic. It is directed, that to every pound of the Syrup one ounce of the tartar is to be added ; whereas the quantity should have been only sixteen grains, which is the 30th part of an ounce.

It is well known, that the tartar emetic is a very powerful and dangerous medicine, and should be cautiously made use of ; if it be ignorantly taken as directed in the receipt, it would most likely prove fatal to the individual —*Phil. Daily Adv.*

The Frenchmen at New-Orleans are divided into Bonapartists and Bourbonites, and are constantly quarrelling. Duels are frequently fought, and a letter states that there were five assassinations in one week !

The Baltimore Register says that a rattlesnake was lately killed in the Alleghany mountains having 29 rattles, and must therefore be 32 years old. It was about 4 feet long.

The cultivation of sugar in South Carolina, Georgia and Louisiana, is now much attended to. It will soon become a principal article of export.

Mrs. Boyle, a passenger in the ship Rufus King from Liverpool, on the passage was brought to bed of a fine boy, which immediately received the appropriate name of *Rufus King*.

On Tuesday last, (says an Albany paper of Nov. 3,) the schr. Julia, capt. Snow, of Oswego, (Lake Ontario,) sailed from Lewiston with thirty persons on board, men, women and children ; the schooner is supposed to have been upset in the squall of Thursday night, and every person on board

to have perished. The schooner has since driven on shore near Pultneyville.

A sloop at the same time drove ashore, without a soul on board.

Hydrophobia.—Mr. Peleg G. Peck, aged 19 years, the youth who some weeks since so bravely combatted a wolf, died at Windham, on the 25th ult. in all the agonies of a confirmed hydrophobia, occasioned by the bite of the wolf. He died in 48 hours after the first symptoms of canine madness.

Mr. Richard Peck, father of the above young man, has since had several fits of the hydrophobia, and it is feared will not recover.

Nuptial.

MARRIED.

By the Rev. Mr. Spring, Mr. Cornelius Timpson, to Miss Susan Parker, of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Borck, Mr. Mathew Carter to Miss Eliza Van Buskirk, all of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Perine, Mr. Archibald McCoy, to Miss Elizabeth White.

By the Rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. John Snediker, merchant, of this city, to Miss Elizabeth Wiggins, of Hempstead, L. I.

By the Rev. Mr. Stanford, Mr. William Skinner, to Mrs. Ruth Jones, both of this city.

Obituary.

The City-Inspector Reports the death of 62 persons in this City, for the week ending on Saturday the 4th of November, 1815—of the following Diseases:

Apoplexy 1, asthma 1, consumption 13, convulsions 4, dropsy 1, dropsy in the chest 1, dropsy in the head 3, dysentery 4, fever typhus 4, hives 1, inflammation of the liver 1, influenza 5, mortification 1, old age 2, pneumonia typhoid. 2, rupture 1, small-pox 4, sore throat 1, sudden death 1, suicide by laudanum 1, unknown 1, whooping cough 4, worms 1—Total, 62.

DIED,

Thomas Buchanan, esq. an eminent merchant of this city, aged 71.

Mrs. Ann Brower, relict of the late Mr. John Brower, aged 75.

Mrs. Margaret Cleland.

Mr. John Young, printer, aged 23.

Mr. Benjamin Brewster, aged 15.

Mrs. Esther Clapp, aged 48.

Mr. John H. Slidell, aged 38.

Mr. Peter Hegeman, in the 59th year of his age.

Mr. George W. Wilkie, printer, aged 17, son of Mr. Edward Wilkie. The closing scene of this young man's life afforded the brightest hope that he was entering the mansions of the blessed. His dying advice to his young friends, to be "also ready," will long be remembered by them and his afflicted parents and relatives.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hart, in the 71st year of her age, of a lingering illness, which she bore with fortitude becoming a Christian; peaceful and happy in her last moments, every blessing seemed to smile upon her, every hope seemed cherished with a full prospect of future happiness: thus did she establish her faith upon a foundation firmly laid,

"A beauteous fabric."

In her death, her children have lost an affectionate and endearing parent, her neighbours a kind friend, the needy a benevolent benefactress, and society, one of its worthiest members.

In Cambridge, (N. Y.) Mr. Solomon Cronk, of a wound in the hand, by the cut of a scythe, which occasioned mortification. What was most singular in the life of the deceased, was the fact, that he married two sisters, with each of whom he lived alternately, a week at a time, during the whole period of his connubial connexion, and by each of whom he had THIRTEEN children. The two females, whose houses were not very distant from each other, maintained the utmost harmony and affection between them, and were all present, (two wives and twenty-six children,) at the funeral of their common husband and parent, whom they followed in mournful procession to the grave.

On the 15th ult. in Laurens district, S. C. Mr. Solomon Niblet, aged one hundred and forty-three years. He was born in England, where he lived until he was 19 years of age; he then emigrated to this country, and resided in the state of Maryland until about 55 years ago, he then went to that state, where he resided until his death. He never lost his teeth nor his eye-sight; and a few days before his death he joined a hunting party, went out, and actually killed a deer.

CORONER'S REPORT.

On Sunday afternoon the Coroner viewed the body of a labourer of foreign birth, drowned out of a scow at Harlaem bridge a few days previously. On Monday morning a coloured man by the name of French John, died suddenly from intoxication, by sucking rum with a reed from casks at Lent's basin.

Curious Wager.—One morning last week a gentleman at a coffee-house in the city, laid a wager of twenty guineas with a friend present, that he would walk the length of Broker's Row, Moorfields, London, without being asked to walk into one of the shops. He then offered the same wager, which was likewise accepted, that immediately after the first being determined, he would walk the ground over again and receive an invitation from every broker to inspect his repository. To determine the first wager, he assumed the appearance of a tax-gatherer, with his morocco-backed book open in his left hand, in his right a pen, and an ink-bottle suspended at his left breast: rare and uncommon as is the appearance of such a character in England, and curious as John Bull confessedly is, yet was he shunned like one infected, and the wager won by him beyond dispute. He then resumed his own dress and character, and sallying through the row, with a young lady under his arm, his attentions to whom bespoke a recent or intended trip to the altar, he received rather a pressing invitation to walk in from every "hero of the chips," and the wager was again determined in his favour.

READY WIT.

During the run of the Comic Opera of Cymos, Mr. Vernon was in pursuit of his supposed mistress Silvia, and came on singing,

Torn from me, torn from me, which way did they take her?

A wag in the pit replied in time and tune,

'They're gone to Long Acre! they're gone to Long Acre!

The house was in a roar of laughter; and Vernon, with great presence of mind, as soon as there was silence, sung

Oh, ho, are they so? I shall soon overtake her.

It was the saying of an ancient philosopher—that a man's riches may be seen in his eyes.

A CARD.

A young woman, mistress of the Coat and Mantua Making business, takes this method to inform the Ladies of New-York, that she will be thankful for employ by the day, in genteel families. Enquire at No. 194, Broadway. Nov. 7.—St.

BROOME-STREET ACADEMY.

Mr. ORAM.

Sir—No doubt many young persons who are still pursuing their studies, occasionally read the Museum, would you be pleased to insert the following statement of duty performed in the short space of five weeks, lacking three days, by a class of young ladies and gentlemen, just beginning French, at Broome-street Academy.

Committed to memory 111 pages Perrin's French Grammar, which they recapitulated three times.

Went through the declension of upwards of 400 French nouns.

Committed all the regular and irregular verbs.

Committed 51 pages of dialogue and vocabulary.

Translated 54 Perrin's French fables, besides writing French under dictation, (after the first week,) every morning, and sometimes twice a day, in addition to which,

Committed, out of Morse's large Geography, 2 vols. from 8 to 10 pages, for one lesson.

Of Whelpley's Compend of History, also 10—12 pages daily, besides Writing, Cyphering, and Astronomy, assisted by an Orrery, and the use of the Globes.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

P. L. TURQUAND.

Oct. 27.—St.

WANTED.

A BOY from 12 to 14 years of age, to learn the TAYLORING BUSINESS.—Apply at No. 140 Front-Street.

Oct. 7.

(if.)

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